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A Bleak and Barren Coast.
Bleak and barren is the west coast of South America, where it is always cloudy, yet never rains, where it is chilly even up under the equator, where never a tree nor a blade of grass is to be seen—only the parched and hungry foothills of the Andes, swept with windrows of sand, and behind them fleeting glimpses of the towering peaks of the main mountain chain. Probably nowhere else in the world is there a seacoast of equal extent so desolate and uninviting.

Harbors there are few or none. Coquimbo, 200 miles north of Valparaiso, and Callao are safe and of commercial value. But, although there are few harbors, there are many ports. The Pacific ocean, true on this coast, at least, to its name, makes it possible for a vessel to anchor almost anywhere to take and leave cargo by means of lighters. Loading and unloading the lighters at the shore are made possible by artificial breakwaters or a fortunate conformation of the land which affords shelter for small craft.—New York Post.

When You Break Cut Glass.
An accident to cut glass invariably plunges the owner of it into clouds of gloom, but often these clouds have silver linings. Before throwing the pieces away examine each piece separately and see if it could be cut down into anything smaller. Shops which deal in cut glass usually have a cutter on the premises. A case is told of a bride who upon entering the dining room arrived in time to see, but not prevent, her maid from pulling instead of pushing the extension table, and as it separated in the middle several pieces of valuable cut glass which had been placed there during the cleaning time fell through with a crash to the floor. It seemed a hopeless accident, but a rose bowl was cut down from a decanter, following the pattern near the neck, which had broken off; a small violet holder was cut down from a tall vase, a tiny sugar bowl from a vinegar cruet, and a small bonbon dish was saved from a larger cut glass bowl.—Woman's Home Companion.

A Clever Crow.
As to a crow's ability to talk, said a naturalist, some will and others will never learn. The first of the four birds I have had recently was a wonderful talker. Unlike the parrot, his conversation seemed intelligent rather than simply imitative. For instance, if I said to him, "Hello, Jack?" he would answer, "Hello!" and not put on the "Jack," as so many parrots do when one says, "Hello, Polly!" But he could imitate me also. He found that when any one called and said, "Hello, Wood!" my reply was a low "Hello!" He tried in every way to imitate that low tone of mine and finally succeeded. He would go over to his water trough and with his head in the air would cry, "Hello, Wood!" Then down would go his head in the trough, and out would come the "Hello!" just like mine.—Washington Star.

Temperature of Sea Water.
The temperature of ocean water varies at the surface from 28 degrees F. at the poles to over 80 degrees F. in the tropics. The cold water toward the poles has an annual variation of less than 10 degrees F. at any one spot, and the warm water of the tropics also has an annual variation of less than 10 degrees F. in a band that nearly encircles the earth. This is the region of the coral reefs and atolls. Between these regions of small annual variation there are two bands surrounding the earth where the annual variation is greater and may exceed in certain regions 40 degrees F. at any one spot.—Marine Journal.

The Woman in the Case.
A mother-in-law had stayed so often with her daughter as to cause a quarrel with the husband. One day she found her daughter weeping in the drawing room. "What's the matter? Gracious me, don't say that George has left you!" she exclaimed. "He has," replied the young wife tearfully. "Then there's a woman in the case?" mother asked, her eyes lighting up expectantly. "Yes." "Who is it?" "You!"

A Model Horse.
Hi Billings went to a horse sale one day and bought a horse for \$18. When he got the horse home he offered it a bucket of water, but it wouldn't drink. After that he gave it a feed of corn, but it wouldn't touch that either. "By gosh," he said, "you're the very horse for me if you'll only work!"

Probably There Now.
Bobby—Pa, did you ever see an arm of the sea?
Father—Yes.
"Where was it?"
"It was hugging the shore the last I saw of it."—Smart Set.

Ourselves.
No one was ever yet made utterly miserable excepting by himself. We are, if not the masters, at any rate almost the creators of ourselves.—Epictetus.

The Yankee Twist.
"You can always tell an Englishman," said the Briton proudly.
"Of course you can," replied the Yankee, "but it doesn't do any good."

Fell Into Luck.
Artist—What a beautiful place this is! I suppose you came here for the view? Old Lady—No; I wasn't committed. I was born here.

A Few Thoughts on Money.
Money, otherwise known as tin, dough, cash, gelt, rocks, etc.

The corpuscles of national circulation which indicate the strength of our constitution.

It is often called a curse. Some swear by it, others swear for it, and still others swear at it.

It often causes a species of mental derangement or delirium called money mania. Many are willing to be thus inoculated.

It is the feature of social distinction. It is the measure of intelligence—those who have it are wise, those who have it not are foolish. Possession of it entitles one to the use of a money-gram.

Though a medium of exchange, it has no connection with souls or astral bodies.

It is the religion of today, often called moneytheism. Preachers pray for it; laymen lay for it.

It is the be all and the end all. Children cry for it, women sigh for it, men die for it, and all lie for it.—Smart Set.

Wrecked by a Knife Blade.
A ship was once wrecked on the Irish coast. The captain was a careful one. Nor had the weather been of so severe a kind as to explain the wide distance which the vessel had swerved from her proper course. The ship went down, but so much interest attached to the disaster that a diving bell was sunk. Among other portions of the vessel that were examined was the compass that was swung on the deck, and inside the compass box was detected a bit of steel, which appeared to be the small point of a pocket-knife blade. It was learned that the day before the wreck a sailor who had been set cleaning the compass had used his pocket knife in the process and had unceremoniously broken off the point and left it remaining in the box. That bit of knife blade exerted its influence on the compass and to a degree that deflected the needle from its proper bent and vitiated it as an index of the ship's direction. That bit of knife blade wrecked the vessel.

Scotch Students.
Many a man who never had any "schooling" gets an education, and often a surprisingly good one.

A traveler in Scotland once met a farmer whose ground rent was about \$20 a year and who wrote poetry in Gaelic that was of a high order.

This same traveler met a youth in Scotland who rode from home on horseback to the seaport and then across Scotland to Aberdeen, where he sold his horse to enter the university.

It is related of another Scotchman that he was overheard repeating a line of Tennyson, whereupon some one asked him what poet he liked best.

"Homer," he replied.
"Whose translation do you read?"
"I rarely read a translation," he said, wiping the fish scales from his apron. "I like best to read Homer in the original Greek."—Minneapolis Tribune.

All About a Cruiser.
"What sort of a boat is this?" inquired the inquisitive man at the docks.
"A cruiser," replied a smart lad.
"And where is she going?"
"A cruise, sir."
"What makes it go?"
"It's screw, sir."
"Who are on board?"
"It's crew, sir."
"It looks pretty smart."
"We have to keep it clean, or rub-bish and dust would accrue, sir."
"Oh, you're too smart! Where do you come from?"
"From Crewe, sir."—London Tit-Bits.

Manhattan Scallop.
A delicious breakfast or luncheon dish is Manhattan scallop. Shred sufficient cold cooked fish to measure a good half pint. It must be free from skin and bone. Add to it one cupful of fine stale breadcrumbs, a good seasoning of salt and pepper, two well beaten eggs mixed with a half cupful of stewed tomatoes. Turn all into a buttered dish, sprinkle the top with buttered breadcrumbs, dot with bits of butter and brown in a hot oven.—Suburbanite.

Sizes of the Planets.
An ingenious way of comparing the sizes of planets with the sun is suggested by a French scientific writer. Let the earth, he says, be represented by a twenty franc piece; then Venus is 15 francs; Mars, 2; Mercury, 7; Uranus, 280; Neptune, 320; Saturn, 1,840; Jupiter, 6,800, and the sun 6,780,000.

A Time For Blindness.
There is sometimes a greater charity in seeming not to see our neighbor's trouble than in trying to relieve it. "Let me alone!" is the prayer of many a tortured heart when the curious, the officious and the tactless force the door of its place of desolation, albeit they bring wine and oil.

Looked Like a Big Dose.
The man in bed had never been sick before. The doctor, wishing to ascertain his temperature, pointed the thermometer at him and commanded: "Open your mouth, Jim."
"Wait a minute, doc," objected the patient. "I don't believe I can swallow that."—Judge.

Questions and Answers.
The time elapsing between a question and an answer is almost as important as the answer itself. It may be wisely long or short, but the longer it is the wiser must be the answer.

Let nothing shocking to eyes or ears approach those doors that close upon your child.—Juvenal.

Cheeky John Forster.
In "William Harrison Ainsworth and His Friends" the author, S. M. Ellis, tells a quaint story of Ainsworth and his friend John Forster. Ainsworth had discovered a fine set of Hogarth's engravings which was held at £5, a sum which, he said, "I could not just then spare or at least did not think I ought to spare. I took John Forster down to see the Hogarth's, whereupon he actually said that he would and must have them himself and as he had not £5 of loose money at that moment I should lend that sum to him. I pointed out the absurdity of the position—that I wanted the engravings for myself and could not afford to lay out the money; how, then, could I lend it to him? It was of no use. He overruled me, had the £5 of me and bought the Hogarth's I was longing for."

The Moves In Chess.
In the number of possible moves chess stands alone among games, and not only is it perfectly safe to say that no living man has ever made even once every possible move, but it is highly improbable that in all the centuries of the history of the game has every possible move been made. The different ways of playing the first four moves on each side are so numerous that if every man, woman and child in a city of half a million population were to set to work playing them at the rate of four moves a minute night and day it would be more than a year before any one would be able to leave the chessboard.

A Freak Tortoise.
"Patrick, Patrick!" admonished a lady. "Be careful where you are walking! You nearly trod upon my darling tortoise!"
"Och, be aisy, me lady!" rejoined her Irish gardener. "Shure an' I wouldn't hurt a hair of his head, the sweet creature!"—London Telegraph.

His Choice.
Kindly Old Man—Well, my little man, what would you like to be when you grow up?
Little Man—I'd like to be a nice old gentleman like you, with nothin' to do but walk around and ask questions.

His Protest.
A bright little lad heard his parents talking about the salaries of teachers. "I don't see why they should pay the teachers," he said very seriously, "when we children do all the work."

Mixed.
Policeman (to clubman returning home late)—Here, you can't open the door with that. It's your cigar. Clubman—Great Scott, then I have smoked my latchkey!—Rire.

Some of the best and happiest hours possible to a man's life are held in trust for him, so to speak, by his fellow men.

ALL MY PIMPLES GONE

Girl Tells How a Blotchy Skin Was Cleaned By a Simple Wash.

"I was ashamed of my face," writes Miss Minnie Pickard of Altamahaw, N. C. "It was all full of pimples and scars, but after using D. D. D. Prescription I can say that now there is no sign of that Eczema, and that was three years ago."
D. D. D. has become so famous as a cure and instant relief in Eczema and all other serious skin diseases, that its value is sometimes overlooked in clearing up rash, pimples, blackheads, and all other minor forms of skin impurities.

The fact is, that while D. D. D. is so penetrating that it strikes to the very root of Eczema or any other serious trouble, the soothing Oil of Wintergreen, Thymol and other ingredients are so carefully compounded there is no wash for the skin made that can compare with this great household remedy for every kind of skin trouble.
D. D. D. is pleasant to use, perfectly harmless to the most delicate skin, and absolutely reliable. A 25-cent bottle will give you positive proof of the wonderful effectiveness of this great remedy.

G. S. Varden & Son.

CATARRH!

Cured by the Marvel of the
Century, B. B. B.—Tested for
30 Years.

Hawking, spitting, foul breath, discharges of yellow matter permanently cured with pure botanical ingredients. To prove it we will send you a SAMPLE TREATMENT FREE.
Catarrh is not only dangerous but it causes ulcerations, death and decay of bones, kills ambition, often causes loss of appetite, and reaches to general debility, idler and insanity. It needs attention at once. Cure it by taking Botanic Blood Balm (B. B. B.). It is a quick, radical, permanent cure because it rids the system of the poison germs that cause catarrh. At the same time Blood Balm (B. B. B.) purifies the blood, does away with every symptom of catarrh. B. B. B. sends a tingling flood of warm, rich, pure blood direct to the paralyzed nerves, and parts affected by catarrhal poison, giving warmth and strength just where it is needed, and in this way making a perfect, lasting cure of catarrh in all its forms. Druggists or by express, \$1 per large bottle, with directions for home cure. Samples sent free by writing Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and free medical advice given. Sole by Varden & Son.

Nature's Scenic Shifting.
Although in the geological past vast changes of level occurred on the borders and even in the center of continents, it is a debated question whether at present similar elevations and subsidences can be detected. Recently the frequently repeated statement that the coasts of Massachusetts and New Jersey are perceptibly sinking has been disputed, the apparent subsidence being ascribed to simple changes of shore line. But some curious records kept in Europe seem to indicate that actual fluctuations of the level of the land may occasionally be observed. In the valley of the Main a church tower hidden behind a mountain screen has since 1861 gradually risen into plain view from the chateau of Strossendorf, and still farther in the same direction another church tower, which began to be visible from Strossendorf eighty years ago, is now clearly seen above the horizon and is said to rise higher as time goes on. Similar records exist in Bohemia, in Switzerland, in Spain and in the French Jura.

Ocean Derelicts.
There is an old dread of encountering a derelict that is just below the surface of the water. There is no such danger. A derelict that will sink below the surface will sink to the bottom. Take a tub of water and try to find any object that will unattached occupy a position that is other than at the surface or at the bottom. There is a long task ahead of you. There is the false theory that the water grows denser as one goes deeper and that a sinking object will find a place where it will remain suspended. This theory is not correct, and a boat that will sink beneath the surface will sink to the bottom, even if that bottom should be twenty miles down. The derelict that is bumped into has a piece of itself sticking out of the water as an alarm if the eyes of the lookout are only sharp enough to catch it.—New York Tribune.

Knew the Boundary Line.
The friends of a couple in Cleveland, in whose household no doubt exists as to who is the head of the family, tell an interesting story relative to the last trifling passage at arms between husband and wife. One evening just before dinner the wife, who had been playing bridge all the afternoon, came in to find her husband and a strange man (afterward ascertained to be a lawyer) engaged in some mysterious business over the library table, upon which were spread several sheets of paper.

"What are you doing with all that paper, Henry?" demanded the wife.
"I am making a wish," meekly responded the husband.
"A wish?"
"Yes, my dear. In your presence I shall not presume to call it a will."—Lippincott's.

Not a Hindrance.
It was a revival meeting, and the church workers were working up and down the aisles. A gray haired woman past middle age approached a sedate looking gentleman who occupied a rear seat on the end of the row. Placing her hand on his shoulder with maternal touch, she said:
"Don't you think you would like to be a Christian?"
"My dear madam," he began, "don't you know that I am professor of theology in the little seminary at the other end of the town?"
The woman, a homely character, and ignorant of the "isms" and "ologies" of the modern curriculum, gave answer in smooth accents:
"Well, my dear brother, don't allow a little thing like that to stand in your way."—Philadelphia Times.

Garrick and Kitty Clive.
Kitty Clive, the paramount soubrette of Garrick's time, was celebrated for her temper and her spiteful tongue. She denied "little Davy" had skill in tragedy and mocked at him when he prepared to put on "Hamlet." During the performance she stood in the wings, intending to scoff, but she was carried away with enthusiasm in spite of herself and applauded vigorously.
"Well, Kitty," asked Garrick as he came off the stage, "have I convinced you that I can act in tragedy?"
Kitty burst into tears of vexation, declaring, "Why, you, Davy, you could act a griffin!"

Fine Scheme.
Wife—Please match this piece of silk for me before you come home. Husband—At the counter where the sweet little blond works, the one with the soulful eyes and— Wife—No. You're too tired to shop for me when your day's work is done, dear. On second thought I won't bother you.—Detroit News.

Losing Her Interest.
"Mrs. Billerock is getting old—I know it."
"What now?"
"She says that the stores don't have as good bargains now as formerly."—Buffalo Express.

The Matter's Comment.
"How gracefully young Silvert raises his hat!"
"I wish he could raise the price of the hat half as gracefully."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Fullness of Her Love.
Pettibone—One cannot live on love alone. Funnibone—I can live on my love. Pettibone—Why, love, is that? Funnibone—She has \$100,000—Exchange.

Faces are made beautiful by kindness. It is a divine sculptor.